CAMPAIGNING FOR CONGRESS WITH HON. SYDNEY E. MUDD

Original Political Methods of the Maryland Representative.

The "Band Wagon" Is a Reality, Being a "Chariot and Four."

Music and Small Coins Used to Draw Crowds for Speaker.

SYDNEY E. MUDD, who was recently nominated by the Republican convention in the Fifth Maryland district, is making an exceedingly interesting and exceedingly picturesque campaign in his effort to be re-elected to Congress.

Inasmuch as the educational qualification for the suffrage will make it difficult for the ignorant negroes in the district to vote this year, Mr. Mudd and his friends have redoubled their efforts to win the election. They are quite sure that the race will not be a walkover, although the district went Republican in 1902 by 5,001 majority, and they are devising ways and means for stirring up "the faithful" and rallying around the Mudd "band wagon" all who profess and call themselves Republicans, as well as the doubtful voters who are amenable to persuasive political arts immediately before election.

Real Band Wagon.

The Mudd "band wagon" is not a figure of speech; it is a reality. Each year when the campaign in southern Maryland begins to warm up, the Mudd "band wagon" comes into evidence. It is a familiar sight in the Fifth Congressional district. It consists of "a chariot and four"—a bus that holds eight persons. The "chariot" is fitted with a negro brass band, each member dressed out in brand new, highly colored clothes, and everyone working as hard and harmoniously as the generous quantity of firewater inside him will permit.

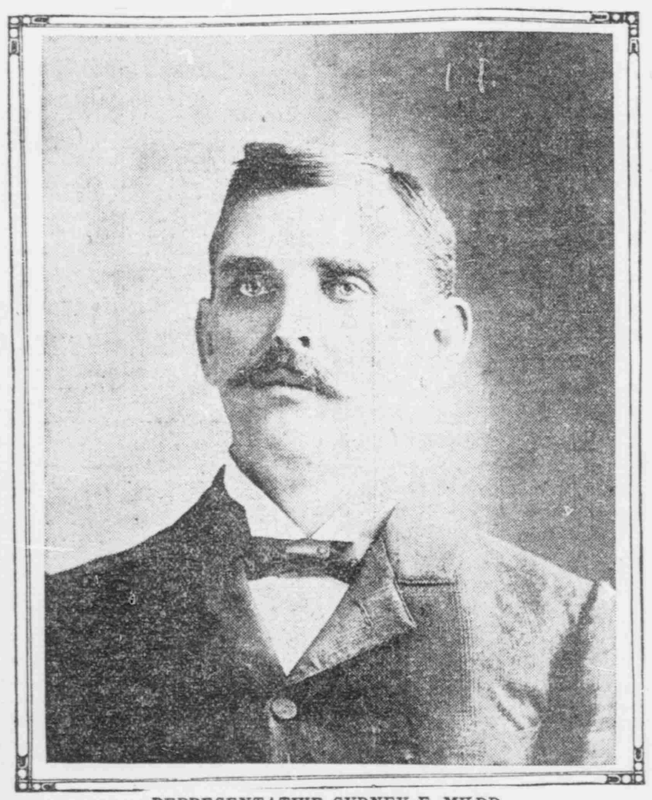
The "chariot and four" tours the district, going from village to village, and from county to county, and awakening enthusiasm, especially in the country districts.

Behind the "chariot and four" comes the candidate, comfortably seated in a barouche, and smiling complacently at the dependent and independent suffragers of southern Maryland.

Like a Circus.

As the barouche passes children gather in groups, and the Representative from the Fifth district scatters subsidiary coin among them. Then the procession moves on to the center of the village, the band plays some enticing "rag-time" air, "refreshments are served," and the speaking begins.

Representative Mudd is an effective public speaker. In conversing with friends he is constantly telling stories, and is known as "a good mixer" and a clever fellow. On the stump he never "cracks a joke"—seldom smiles, and is grimly serious throughout. He doesn't indulge in personal abuse. He makes his campaign on the principles and policies of the opposing parties, and lets individuals severely alone.



REPRESENTATIVE SYDNEY E. MUDD.
Who Is Making So Picturesque a Fight in the Fifth Maryland Congressional District.

The only time he has departed from this rule was when a negro ran against him as an independent candidate for Congress. Wherever he spoke in that campaign Mr. Mudd pulverized the negro candidate. He made that negro the issue in the campaign, and when the votes were counted the "sun-kissed child of Ham," who had dared to run against Sydney E. Mudd, had received only 300 votes in the whole district.

Popular With All.

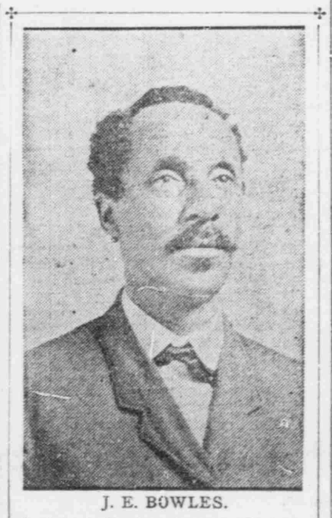
Mr. Mudd is extremely popular with the negroes in the district, and they are exceedingly numerous there. He knows the name and address of every one of them, and greets them in a democratic manner when he meets them in the campaign.

Their precinct leaders are in frequent communication with him, advising him what voters have left the precinct and what voters have come in, and how the newcomers stand, and what is the best means to capture their votes. Through these leaders Mr. Mudd has thoroughly organized the negro vote in the district and upon that vote has relied not a little for success in former campaigns.

A great many of these negro voters are illiterate. In order to teach them to read and write "political schools" have been formed throughout the district. These schools meet usually at night, in some old broken down negro church. In the center of the room is a table surrounded by wooden setters. Blackboards, inscribed with the names of candidates printed on the ticket, hang from the walls.

Long "Lessons."

The "lessons" last some time till late at night. The teacher tells them they must vote the Republican ticket. Then he writes the word "Republican" on the blackboard. He then tells them to keep away from the Democratic ticket, and he writes the word "Democratic" on the blackboard. Then he examines the class to see if they can pick out the word "Republican." Then he erases the board and writes a number of words on it, among them the word "Republican." Then he asks each member of the class to pick out the word "Republican" on the blackboard.



J. E. BOWLES.
Assistant Postmaster at Bladensburg. Republican Negro Manager of Prince George County.

After the pupils have been taught to know the word Republican, they are schooled in distinguishing the names of the various candidates. This last process is the most difficult of all, and it is made extremely perplexing this year by an expedient adopted by the Democrats.

Dr. Mudd's name, a monosyllable of four letters, is readily distinguished on a ticket. The capital "M" followed by the little "u" and ending with the two "d's," give a hollow effect to the middle of the name that enables the negroes to vote the Republican ticket readily. In order to confuse these illiterate negroes, the Democrats have placed on the ticket from Charles county Samuel E. Mudd as a Democratic Presidential elector from the Fifty-seventh district.

The similarity between "Samuel E. Mudd" and "Sydney E. Mudd" will, they say, confound the ignorant negroes, and tend to split their votes.

Filled With Mudds.

Charles county is filled with members of the Mudd family. The Democrats intend to put another Mudd on the ticket and make sure that the negroes will divide or scatter their votes.

Among Representative Mudd's political lieutenants in southern Maryland there is none more influential among the negroes than John E. Bowles, the assistant postmaster at Bladensburg.

"Jack" Bowles is a negro politician who has been in the game for twenty-five years. He is a graduate of Howard University, and he knows the game of politics as it is played in southern Maryland. He is relied upon to see to it that the negroes are prepared to vote intelligently when the polls open on election day.

So far, he has done all that has been required of him. But the three "Mudds" on the ticket are causing "Jack" Bowles some anxiety.

"Mr. Mudd has a fight on his hands this year," says "Jack." "His election is problematical—problematical," and then he'll talk about these "three Mudds."

When the "three Mudds" device of the Democrats became known, "Jack" Bowles came to Washington and saw Mr. Mudd.

Prizes for Them.

"I have a plan," said "Jack."

"What is it?" said the Congressman.

"Prizes," said "Jack."

"Prizes?" said the Congressman.

"Yes, sir," said "Jack." "Prizes. A prize for any nigger that can pick out the right Mudd. We'll strike off a lot of tickets with three or more Mudds printed on 'em. We'll circulate 'em all over the district. Then we'll advertise that on a certain day examinations will be held at a place in each precinct, and we'll give a prize to any nigger that picks out your name."

"Good!" said the Representative. "Now, what sort of prizes shall we offer?"

"You leave that to me," said "Jack," who well understands the negro character.

The question of prizes has been left to "Jack" Bowles.

"It's a hard fight we're up against this year," said Bowles last night to a Times representative. "We'll win, I think, but it all depends on developments. I've been a Republican all my life. I used to be a sort of fire-eater, but I've gotten over that. See these scars?" tapping his forehead and head. "Well, I got those fighting the battles of the Republican party. I've risked my life more than once, and now at the end of it all, I am assistant postmaster here at this little office.

Negroes in Politics.

"The nigger in politics is a strange thing," he continued. "I believe he ought to be in politics, but I think he ought not to be monopolized by one political party.

"The salvation of the negro race lies in the division of its vote equally between the two great political parties. If it had divided equally twenty-five years ago, there would have been no class legislation in the United States today.

"Yes, I am the Republican challenger in this precinct, and I'm the head of the political school down the road, here. If you'll step down there I'll tell you just how we do it."

As they walked out the Times representative said:

"'Jack,' what do you teach these colored people?"

"Now, look here. Don't say 'colored people.' Say niggers. Be plain with me, and I'll be plain with you. Call 'em niggers. I call 'em niggers, and that's what they call one another."

"Well, then, what do you teach these niggers?"

Matters Taught.

"I teach 'em to read and write, and vote the Republican ticket. That's what I teach 'em. It's hard sometimes, but they catch on after a while. Here's the schoolhouse, now," he continued, as they came in front of a one-story frame building, set back a few yards from the highway.

"This used to be a nigger church—the Dent Chapel; but we use it nowadays for the political school," said "Jack."

"You see, the panes of glass in the windows are broken, and the old place is pretty well run down; but it answers our purpose. We meet here at night, and I teach them how to pick out and check the names of Republican nominees on the tickets. We use this table here and that blackboard."

"Who are the better pupils, the older men or the younger ones?"

"The older ones. Those from thirty-five up are more eager to learn than those from twenty to thirty. The young generation doesn't take any interest. They realize that the negro is politically a serf, and reconcile themselves to that condition."

The welfare of the negro race lies in the division of its vote equally between the two great Political parties.
Had they divided equally 25 years ago there would have been no ~~class~~ class legislation ~~in~~ in the U. S. today.

Facsimile of Statement Written by J. E. Bowles, the Negro Republican Leader.

Republican Primary Ticket.

First District, Prince George County, Md.

AUGUST 15, 1903.

For Delegates to the County Convention
(Five to be elected)

KENNEDY SIMMS

R. H. HUGHES

ISRAEL CRUMP

GEORGE W. BOYCE

SAMUEL STEWART

A NEW IDEA IN PRIMARY TICKETS.
The Heavy Lines Between the Names Makes It Impossible to Interline Some Other Name.

Political Schools Have Been Organized for Negro Voters.

Pupils Learn to Pick Out the Right "Mudd" on the Ticket.

Some Political Philosophy by His Chief Negro Lieutenant.

The Wearisome Work of a Prairie Minister and What Kind of Man It Makes of Him

WESTERN ministers earn their salaries. Few know how fully. This is the story of the week's work of a pastor in a country town in central Kansas, his being one church out of nine in a village of 2,500 people. He told it to me himself.

At 6 o'clock Monday morning he opens his eyes, and, remembering that this is wash day, tumbles out of bed. He is over forty years of age and knows well the routine of his ministry. Hurriedly donning his oldest suit of clothes, he starts a fire in the cook stove, puts on the wash boiler, pumps cistern water, cuts wood, and is soon in the midst of a busy morning's work. Breakfast is dispatched, the children are started to school, the washing machinery is started and the week's laundry is soon boiling and steaming in the suds. He must help in this work. His wife is not strong, and she is usually worn out with the duties of the day before. His salary is often in arrears—he must dress well, keep his family, pay house rent, and meet all the various expenses of life on $700—of course, he must help with the housework. The luxury of a servant is unknown to him.

Work and Play.

He toils amid steam and suds all the forenoon. Finally the wash is on the line. Then he takes a bath—not in a luxurious porcelain-lined tub, with streams of hot and cold water ready for his use—but in a bedroom, with wash bowl and crash towel. He eats a hastily prepared lunch—which goes by the name of dinner—and enters his study for a quiet hour. He has a number of papers laid away that he wants to read. Just as he gets settled down a neighbor comes with the request that he call upon a new family just moved into town. "The mother used to belong to our church in Illinois," it is explained. "The children all have the measles."

The minister lays aside his papers, perhaps with a suppressed sigh, walks three-quarters of a mile to the home of the new residents. Part of the way there is no sidewalk. In the summer it is dusty, at other times it is muddy.

Opens Ear for Sad Tale.

He gets to the house and finds the people poor. The place is untidy, the chairs are sticky, the house is badly ventilated, and the air of the sickroom almost stifles him. He listens to the mother's story of how the children became ill one after another. There are no quarantine regulations in the town. The children, sick and well, huddle together; the well ones go to school, mingling there with other children and spreading the disease. "Everyone has to have it," is the common saying, and everyone generally "gets it."

He talks with the mother, trying to cheer her up. He tries to talk with the sick children, but usually makes a failure.

On the way home he goes to another house to call on a sick sister of the church, and hears over again the story of her ailments. She tells him the kind of medicine she uses, and the various remedies suggested by others. The character of her doctor is discussed, and all the details of her illness are fully rehearsed. She may ask him to read her a chapter out of the Bible. He reads one and offers a short prayer.

"Working the Minister."

It is difficult sometimes to get away from these places. The watchers and nurses take advantage of the minister's presence and go out to breathe. He fans the sick sister, speaks consolingly to her and finally goes home to supper. After supper he calls on the church treasurer and gets what there is in the treasury. By the time this is finished and the various church questions are talked over with the treasurer and his wife, it is time to attend some lodge meeting.

The Western country minister belongs to several lodges and is always elected chaplain, so it becomes necessary for him to be there. This keeps him out until after 10 o'clock. By this time his family has retired. He goes into his study and once more tries to read his papers. He glances at them one by one, seldom reading more than the headlines, now and then cutting out a piece for his scrapbook. At perhaps 11:30 he retires, worn out and weary.

Sermon Writing.

Tuesday morning he is up early. This evening he has a preaching appointment at another village several miles away. As soon as he can he goes into his study and selects a subject for the evening's sermon. He outlines it, and by 10 o'clock has it ready. It is not a carefully written discourse. In country places he cannot use a manuscript. It will not do. He must be prepared to preach "off hand." He has very little time to prepare, but when he preaches he must handle his subject as though he always knew it.

Next he takes up the Sunday school lesson for next Sunday, for he is often called upon to teach a class or review the lesson for the school. He studies up the lesson, well, in fact, he puts in more time and research upon it than he does upon his sermon.

It is noon. To the door comes a tall country boy.

"I was sent in to tell you," he solemnly begins, "that Mis' Nevercome's baby has died, an' they want you to preach th' funeral."

"How far is it?"

"Only two miles an' a half. It's at 2 o'clock."

The minister groans inwardly.

"The baby's grandma was a member of yer church back in Indiany."

He promises to go, bolts a dinner, borrows a horse and buggy, dresses up, takes his Bible and his wife, and starts for the house of mourning. The services are conducted. He tries to soothe the grief-stricken father and mother with the comforts of the Gospel. He heads the procession to the wind-swept prairie cemetery, and takes leave of the friends who are moving sadly away from the open grave.

Misses His Supper.

He hurries home, for he must leave on the 5:30 train for his meeting tonight. He rushes to the depot without supper. The train is thirty minutes late; then as they are leaving it is side-tracked by an eastbound stock train. He gets to the place just in time to begin services. He is tired, hungry, and thirsty. But quite a crowd has gathered. He moves among them, greeting all as affably and pleasantly as he can. Soon the services open. He has to lead the singing, and finally begins his sermon. By this time he has forgotten hunger and weariness. He is enthused. He gets the splendid attention that is characteristic of country places. He warms to his subject, and it seems to him that it is the best sermon he ever preached. He gives out a closing song and invites every one to come and seek a new life. At the close of the service every one comes up and shakes hands and says, "I enjoyed your sermon," but it is often said in such a perfunctory way that he doubts the truth of the statement.

Comfort of "Spare Room."

Then, by the aid of a lantern, he is walked nearly a mile to a brother's house to stay over night. He sits in the parlor and talks with the family on religious topics, tells the children stories, and finally is shown to bed. Sometimes he is asked if he has been to supper, but oftener not.

He is put to sleep in the "spare room." In winter it is a chilly place, in summer it is poorly ventilated, or may be infested with mosquitoes. His mind dwells on his sermon, and he cannot sleep for a long time. Before nature is satisfied with the quantity of rest, the family is stirring. The rattle of stove lids, the earthquake jar of the coffee grinder, the smell of frying potatoes, and the clamor of children's voices wake him up. He is weak and yearns for a light, dainty breakfast, but solid food—fit only for men who dig and shovel—is passed to him. But he gets through this meal and then has four hours left before train time. He wants to begin work on his Sunday sermons, but there is no chance. He wanders about the little village. Some men tell him old jokes and stories that are hoary with age, but he is expected to laugh heartily and take a deep interest in each. After hearing all about the crops and the live stock, opinions are ventured on next year's politics and the probable outcome of the special session of Congress, the forenoon goes. Perhaps the church treasurer will hand him $2.75, the amount of last evening's collection, with the comforting remark that "Two or three of our best-paying members were not there." His railroad fare will cost him a dollar, so the net profits of the trip will be $1.75. The train is again behind time, and he gets home in the middle of the afternoon.

Making Calls.

While waiting at the little depot he had prepared a prayer meeting topic for the evening. He eats another lunch at home and puts in the balance of the afternoon making calls. After supper the papers can be read. A short romp may be had with the children.

The prayer meeting hour arrives. The meeting is held in the church parlors. Here a solemn looking body of Christians assembles every Wednesday evening. The ubiquitous brother who never contributes anything toward the minister's salary is there; songs are sung, prayers are made, a Scripture lesson is read. The minister delivers a ten-minute sermonette. Then the meeting is declared "open." The non-contributing brother stands up and gives his often-repeated testimony: "Brothers and sisters, I've been traveling in the straight and narrow path for over forty years, and the way grows brighter every day. I hope to meet you all in heaven. I ask an interest in your prayers." Several others may also speak. The meeting closes at nine. The preacher puts out the lamps, locks up, and goes home too weary to think or study.

Correspondence.

Thursday morning comes. He gets several letters at the postoffice. They need immediate answers. He is out of ink. This necessitates another trip uptown. Here are two of the regulation, old time, retired men of the town sitting on the shady side of the street, leaning on their canes, and always ready to talk. They take "turn about" relating some prosy tale that properly never ought to have been commenced and apparently has no end. Politeness compels him to listen and lose a good half hour's time. But the longest tales come to an end and he breaks away and hurries home to his work. He answers the letters, and has just opened his Bible to begin on his sermons, when the editor of the weekly paper calls and wants all items of news among the members of his congregation. These are written out and most of them are two-line items, but they take time.

The editor is in no hurry, and before he leaves a young couple drives up in a buggy. It is the father and mother of the child whose funeral was conducted the other day. They want a nice obituary notice written for the paper, and want it to "end up with a piece of poetry." They also want it for "this week's paper sure." So he sits down and writes the notice. He has a number of books of poetry in his study; but it takes a good half hour to find a verse suitable to "end up" with. By this time it is noon. Will the young couple stay to dinner? "Yes, thank you." A trip to the meat market becomes necessary. Dinner is later than usual. The young couple, like the editor, are in no hurry to start. Before they leave he is fully convinced that both will join the church, but as a general thing they never even come to church. Perhaps they leave by 3 o'clock, and he takes his letters uptown to the postoffice.

New Settlers.

Then he hears of a new family just moved in, members of his denomination. So he walks out there and introduces himself. The man of the house has a grievance against the church. He thinks that "the use of an organ in public worship is sinful." This man must be given up as a bad job. The average preacher would rather tackle a worshiper of Baal than try to instill any reason into the mind of an anti-organ man. An hour or two of his time is apparently wasted on these people.

He gets home about 5:30, warm and tired. By the time supper is called he has the framework of a sermon planned. After supper he must shave, for, be it known, no country preacher can afford the luxury of the barber shop for two good reasons—it takes too much time and costs too much money.

He has just put aside his razor when his wife enters.

A Wedding.

"A couple to see you, dear; I think they want to get married."

A bashful country youth and a blushing, red-cheeked girl are waiting in the parlor. She is in white with roses on her hat; he is in what the village paper terms "conventional black."

The minister's wife comes in as a witness, and the twain are made one.

"How much is it, parson?" asks the perspiring groom.

"Oh, what you please—we make no charge."

The youth brings to light three silver dollars, proffering them timidly. The fee goes to the witness, who adds it to a modest fund she is providing against the winter's need of a new cloak.

But this is Thursday night—another lodge is in session, and he is chaplain again. He must hurry tot reach the lodge room in time for the opening.

Friday morning dawns, when off come both coat and vest, and he shuts himself in his study determined to prepare his Sunday sermons. The sheet of paper containing the framework that he has put together at odd times is taken up. The subject does not suit him, so a new one is selected. Soon he begins to work, he does not write—there is no time for that—a few notes are made on a sheet of paper. With an imaginary audience the sermon is delivered in a whisper, while he walks about his study. Noon comes with the mind in a whirl. He needs no noonday meal, his mind is engrossed with his theme. But this glow usually wears off, and when he preaches that sermon next Sunday morning it sounds to him decidedly commonplace.

Hastily eating his dinner, he goes back into the study and outlines an evening discourse on "Daniel in the Lion's Den" or some other sensational subject. Sermonizing is easy now. A half-dozen sermons can be prepared, if necessary.

But he needs air and exercise, so he fixes himself up and starts out to make more calls. Every place visited demands some new subject of conversation. The Ladies' Aid Society, the church papers, a new pulpit carpet—these are favorite topics. The choir leader submits new songs, the treasurer tells about delinquent members, teachers tell him about the difficulties in keeping their classes together; some of the members are sick, some are busy, others are not at home. Some have met with financial losses, some talk of selling out and moving away. He must laugh with some, sympathize with others, and be polite and agreeable to all.

Lecture Study.

On Friday evening a large class of young people assembles in the church, and he is delivering a course of lectures on "Old Testament History and Characters." So after making these calls he must hurry home and read over again several chapters of the Bible to fix freshly in his mind the events as a foundation for his lecture. This uses up Friday evening, but it is an important service. Its value lies in both the educational and social qualities of the young people of the church.

Saturday morning comes. He walks uptown, attends to the family marketing, posts notices of his Sunday services, talks with some other preacher a few minutes, gets his collars and cuffs from the local agent of a city laundry and goes home. Today he can scarcely read a book. Only twenty-five pages are turned when there is a knock. It is a neighbor.

"Have you heard how Sister Brown is? We're quite interested in her at our house—she's such a faithful worker in the church."

The minister remembers that he promised to "call again." So he lays aside his book, and goes forth to make his rounds among the sick brothers and sisters again. All on whom he calls are glad to see him—but in these country towns the distances are magnificent. Much time is spent in going from house to house. The day wanes, evening comes on, and he returns home once more. There are four services to attend tomorrow! He gives a last look at his sermons; takes a bath and goes to sleep.

Sunday morning he is up early. His Sunday clothes are brought out and brushed. A loose button is discovered, which he sews on. He blacks his own shoes, eats a hurried breakfast, retires to his study to go over his morning sermon once more, and starts for church. His wife and children get themselves ready, and, as a rule, go there separately.

It is his business to greet all the children as they come in, and happy is the preacher that can call each by name! The Sunday school takes up one hour; he teaches a class. The morning service begins at 11; the seats are not all filled; the people keep coming until 11:30. A thirty-minute sermon is delivered, and at its close an invitation is given. A young couple walk up and present letters from another church. Perhaps a young woman comes up and wants to join. Some grand old hymn is sung, and the whole congregation greets the new members. Baptism is announced for the afternoon, and the morning service is ended.

Overloads Stomach.

The preacher and his family may be invited out to dinner, and he eats a big meal, consisting of many indigestible things, for which he is punished all the following week with heartburn.

The baptismal service is held at 3 o'clock. This necessitates a change of clothing—he is an advocate of immersion. Next he takes another tour among his people in order to see those who cannot be seen during the week. He is invited somewhere to supper, and when seated at the table beholds the board loaded down with hearty abundance, the meal terminating in three kinds of layer cake! He is urged to try some of this cake because "Maud made it," and of the other kind because "Mabel made it." Sometimes he sacrifices to politeness the comfort of a whole week, thereby encouraging Maud and Mabel in the further manufacture of their deadly compounds. Next the young people's meeting must be attended. The leader may not come, and the preacher has to lead. After this is the regular evening service. When the service is over he takes a station at the door to shake hands and speak a word to each one. The day has been a great success, and he lies awake half the night thinking of the great things he will attempt for his church and its people. Finally he falls asleep, knowing that in the morning he must begin once more the regular grind of the week.

Caustic remarks are made to the effect that ministers work only one day in the week, but the man who takes care of all the interests of a prairie church usually finds the week too short for his tasks.